

# A life full of failures



Quiet time is dangerous for me. It leads to introspection. Introspection and I spend too much time together already. Because, this often leads to retrospective thinking. And that means reviewing a life full of

failures.

Generally, I've grown, if not comfortable, then at least accepting of who I am. Too much analysis is a tiresome thing. But, in the service of filling another blog post, here are just some of the many failures of a life full of failures.

## Ironing

How can one man be so bad at such a simple thing?

Millions of people. Tens of million. Probably hundreds of million people can easily and competently iron. Alas, I am not one of them.

I think I do everything correctly. I take the item out of the dryer immediately. Then, I place it flat on the ironing board and use even, regular strokes. The result: meh. Less than meh.

And I've tried it all. Hotter iron. Cooler iron. Iron with steam. Cross-stroke. Hard press. Soft touch.

All crappy results. So, those shirts have to go to the dry cleaners. Failure.

## Gum

I like gum. More than a few flavors. Dentyne. Chiclets. Fruit Stripe. And, of course, bubble gum.

Way “back in the day”, I chewed the dickens out of those powdery flat bubble gum strips inside baseball card packs. Plus, I always enjoy a good Bazooka Joe comic.

So, keeping in mind a lifetime of chewing gum, how is it I have never been able to blow a bubble? I mean, I’ve been chewing gum since I had more than gums and all I have is a lifetime full of failures when trying to blow a bubble.

## **Whistling**

Can’t do it. Tried. Can’t.

I can get a small, whisper-level squeak from between my lips. If you freeze the world for a few seconds and used an amplified mike, you just might be able to hear it.

But a full-fledged, awesome, turn-your-head whistle? Nunca. Just another failure in a long list of failures.

Gosh, I could go on, but why depress both of us. The fact is, I’ve lived a life full of failures. It’s sad, but I just have to be strong. Because, there *are* other things I do well. Even some that others might themselves be failures on.

I guess that will have to be my cold comfort..